

Waco Evening News.

—BY—
THE NEWS COMPANY.

J. H. HURWOOD, Business Manager.

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WACO, TEXAS, - AUGUST 10, 1888.

Paper money is at a considerable discount in Chili. It is so depreciated in value that it costs \$600 a day to live at a hotel, and a bootblack will not give you a shine for less than \$10.

It used to be that nearly all patents were of Northern parentage, now the South, and especially Texas, is coming to the front in the invention line. Mr. Ed Stephenson, assisted by Mr. O. C. Barret, have made a very successful trip through the North lately selling Stevenson's patent mattress. They surprised the Yankees with it.

The Republican party outside of New Orleans is badly demoralized. In many parishes it has no organization whatever. A very large percentage of the negroes pay no attention to politics whatever, and of those who do a fair proportion vote the Democratic ticket. Senator Chandler will have an interesting time getting campaign material out of the Louisiana election.

The most curious development of the latest craze, in New York, is a Turkish bath for horses that is in progress of erection in West Tenth street, in connection with a large boarding stable, writes a New York correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle. It is a very popular place for the winter boarding of the horses of fashionable men, who have come to the sage conclusion that, if Turkish baths are good for themselves, they should be good for their horses, too, and the result is that, at their suggestion, the owners of the stable are putting up elaborate facilities for their aristocratic equines, who would share their masters' luxuries.

Natural gas is flaming up in Japan. Not alone the craters of the volcanoes, but also the ground begins to spit fire. This curious event happened recently at Djebor, near Demak, where ground borings were made to examine the ground for building of sluices. At the depth of twenty meters from the surface the bore pipe filled in a moment with fire, and ejects since that time inextinguishable flames. It is a very rare phenomenon, but has been observed before, in Rembang. The phenomenon is caused by burning gas, which, once ignited, can not be extinguished. For a long time there was an opinion that there was a natural source of gas, and this seems to be proved now. Can this discovery not be used for some useful purpose?

A joker in London has successfully, though unintentionally, hoaxed Mr. T. V. Powderly. Last Christmas a burlesque sermon, purporting to have been delivered by the Bishop of London, was written by a leading Socialist and published in a revolutionary newspaper, the Justice. It was the most revolutionary sermon ever preached, beginning with "Fellow-citizens," and in it the good old bishop renounced his bishopric, his parish, his seat in the House of Lords and \$50,000. He arraigned the church for its unfaithfulness to labor's holy cause, and said he should thereafter preach Socialism in Trafalgar. This was the funny thing in London, where a bishop is a target for a Radical paragraph. The Journal of United Labor, of Philadelphia, an official organ of the Knights of Labor, has, however, recently gotten hold of the address, and taken it seriously. It published the sermon with startling headlines, and Mr. Powderly wrote a joyful article in the issue of July 5th over the news of the bishop's conviction. Two weeks later, in response to many demands, he republished it. A cablegram was sent him on Friday notifying him of his mistake.

GOTHAM GASTRONOMY.

THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY
WHO LIVE TO EAT.

Barbarians in the Midst of High Civilization—The Enormous Importance of Dinner Giving—The Modern Style—A Barbecue of Hospitality.

The essential difference between barbarism and civilization, according to epicures, is that then men eat to live, and now they live to eat. In American cities, notably in New York, there are, it must be confessed, many so-called civilized beings of this order. When they are not eating, they are talking or thinking about it, and their faces show what an absorbing idea and habit it is. They may be seen, any evening, at Delmonico's, the Brunswick, the Hoffman, or at some one of the fashionable clubs, intent upon the dinner they have ordered, and enjoying, with repellent sensuality their various dishes and rare wines. They are apt to have round, protruding eyes, large coarse mouths, double chins, florid, oleaginous complexions, a general expression of matter dominating and controlling mind. They are barbarians in the midst of high civilization, for they are consecrated to their appetites, and impervious to the finer issues of life.

A far larger class relish fine food, but they relish other things, things appertaining to literature, art and science. They wish it understood that they are delicate in their tastes, that the refinements of the table administer to the refinements of the mind, and that the two are natural and proper accompaniments, depending on one another. They may be right, in a measure, but even they are inclined, notwithstanding their modernization, to set too much store by the pleasures of the palate. The metropolis leans the same way. You see it particularly in the region between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth streets, and between Fourth and Sixth avenues, where cooking and catering are considered fine arts, and eating is elevated into an elegant recreation. There are the great hotels, the choice restaurants, the fashionable clubs, with most of the elegant residences where dinner giving is thought to be the sumptuous symbol of hospitality.

Dining and dinner giving have assumed enormous importance there—an importance out of all proportion, I might say, to the serious concerns of life, if dinners were not regarded as among the most serious. Every day during the season scores and scores of dinners are served within those boundaries that have never been surpassed, seldom equaled, for variety, elaboration, elegance and cost. Paris has long been accounted the culinary capital of the world; but within twenty-five years New York has rivaled it in this particular. We have imported many of the best French and Italian cooks who admit that the Old World does not furnish half our dishes, and that those it has are in no way superior to ours. This is the land of constant invention and improvement. Our cooks, native as well as foreign, are continually producing new and remarkable combinations, evoking novel dishes from the resources of their growing knowledge. Veteran gastronomists who have traveled widely and lived much abroad say that there are restaurants in New York eclipsing those of the Reform club, the Maison Doree, the Cafe Riche, Vefour's or the Vachette Brebant.

Fifty years ago, I have heard, prosperous New Yorkers invited their friends to dinners of four or five courses, with one or two kinds of wine, and they doubtless had more comfort and solid satisfaction than are got now out of twelve or fourteen courses with six wines. The swell dinner of today is really brutish. Nobody but a trained gourmand, not to say a glutton, can eat it. I rarely see a man who does not neglect several courses, often five or six. After oysters, soup, fish, roast, (or game), salad, what natural stomach wants more than sweets, fruit and coffee? I am usually satiated with what seem solids after fish, and I have, I think, a fair appetite.

At formal, public dinners, you may expect a long menu, but in dinners in private houses you ought to be content with something simple. But it is at such houses that expense is carried to a point of ostentation, and, therefore, becomes vulgar. A public dinner at Delmonico's or the Brunswick is commonly served at \$12 per plate, wines extra. The dishes can hardly be better or more numerous at private houses, but their accompaniments are altogether more elaborate and costly. I know of private dinners for twenty, where the flowers in the dining room have cost \$300, and where the menus are works of art, done by hand, at \$40 to \$50 each. Such banquets are not provided for less than several thousands of dollars, which, to my mind, a pecuniary burlesque of hospitality.

If Cæsar is resolved to demonstrate his wealth, why should he not put two or three \$1,000 bonds under the plate of each of his guests? This would be simpler, directer and a more practical method of self-advertising, which would appear to be the chief object of such senseless prodigality. A dinner for twelve is seldom given by a man or woman of any pretense to fashion—which commonly signifies a deal of money—for less than from \$300 to \$500. What a waste of cash! What an abuse of appetite, and the simple privileges of home! Such a dinner might be delicious, elegant, perfect in its kind, for \$100, or considerably less. I was told recently of a genuine lady, of slender means, who delighted a dozen of her friends with what is called an exquisite dinner, the total cost of which did not exceed \$25, claret being the only wine. Why can not such simplicity and delicate taste be widely imitated? It never will be in New York circles that assume to be fashionable, for the ordinary definition, locally, of fashion is display and pecuniousness.—Democrat in Globe-Democrat.

A little powdered borax put in the water in which laces, muslins and lawns are washed improve their appearance greatly; use just as little soap as you possibly can.

Pieces of cheese cloth make the very best kind of dusters. Hem the edges and have a large enough supply so that one set can be washed each day.

A few drops of ammonia in a cup of warm rain water, carefully applied with a wet sponge, will remove the spots from paintings and chromos.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

SOME OF THE STRANGE SIGHTS
SEEN IN ITS STREETS.

The Turk's Fox and Funny Trousers. Crooked Streets and the Dogs Thereof. Shops and Peddlers of All Sorts—Driving a Bargain.

One of the first things you will notice is the fox, worn by all the Turks. It is a red felt cap with no visor, with a flat top and black silk tassel. Turkish law requires every male subject of the sultan to wear this kind of a cap. The men wear very funny trousers. There are no close fitting pantaloons, such as men wear in America; but loose, baggy contrivances, which look like two large bags fastened together at the top. These are gathered around the waist with a colored sash, which is sometimes very handsome.

The streets are not much better than our narrowest alleys, and so crooked and dirty! We such not enjoy living in such streets, and business would be quite impossible. You never meet so many dogs before. They are big, yellow animals, and live in the streets. They have no owners, but shift for themselves as well as they can. You will stumble over them if you are not careful, for they seem to think that the street belongs to themselves. They lie down anywhere, before a shop or in the middle of the street, and evidently expect us to turn out for them. These dogs organize themselves into bands, and each company has its own district. It is dangerous for a dog to leave his proper territory, and he is likely to pay dearly for trespassing within his neighbors' limits.

CAMRÉ GENEEROSITY.

The dogs are generous to each other. At the soldiers' barracks the dogs receive the fragments after every meal. One day when the food was brought out only two dogs were in sight. These might have had a grand feast by themselves. They did not take a mouthful, but started off at full speed in opposite directions. Soon their barking summoned the whole pack, and they ate their dinner together.

I know you will laugh at the shops in Constantinople. They are not like the beautiful stores you have seen in our cities, with large plate glass show windows and long rows of elegant counters. In Constantinople the principal stores are in bazaars. These bazars are large one story buildings, with streets running through them in every direction. On each side of these streets are the little shops. The floor is about two feet above the street, and the owner usually sits on the floor with his legs crossed under him. The room is small, so that he can reach many of his goods without rising. As we pass along we can look in at the various shops and examine their goods.

Let us stop at this dry goods store. As soon as the man sees us looking at his goods, he takes his pipe from his mouth and begins to chatter away in a very lively fashion, showing us some piece of goods. If you show any desire to make a purchase, he will name a high price, and pretend he is giving you the article. If you offer a much smaller sum he will fold up the cloth and put it away with a gesture of horror. When you turn away, however, he will call you back and take your own price or else make a new offer much below the first.

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

One of the strangest places is the carpenter shop. Here you will see a man seated on the floor behind a turning lathe. Instead of using a trestle as our workmen do, he has a bow and string which he draws back and forth with his right hand, and so makes the wheel revolve. He holds the chisel in his left hand and presses it against the wood with his bare toes. Is that not a strange way to use a turning lathe?

You might think, where the stores are so close together and the streets so narrow, that peddlers would have a poor chance. Still there are a great many of them who sell fruit. These men carry trays of fruit on their heads. When they find a good place to stop, they set down the tray upon a high stool, take their scales from their shoulders and are ready for business. They sell almost everything by weight and are usually careful, though the scales may be very rude. I have seen them made simply of two wooden saucers, suspended by strings from a straight stick. The bar was held by another string fastened in the middle, and the eye must judge when the two scales balanced. The weights may be bits of iron or even broken pieces of stone or brick. On the tray these peddlars have large, luscious grapes, and will give you all you can eat for a cent or two. There are fresh green figs which do not look much like the dried ones that come to us in boxes. The quinces are large and the people cook them with meat. The chestnuts are larger than ours, though not quite so sweet. They are roasted, taken from the shell and cooked with meat and potatoes in a very nice stew.

Other men carry tanks of water or lemonade on their backs, and jingle cups in their hands to attract attention. The funniest way to carry water and wine is in the skins of hogs or buffaloes. When full these look almost like the animal from which the skin has been taken. Thus you may often meet a man with what looks like one or two hogs on his back. The men who carry these wine skins, as well as other burdens, have queer saddles fastened to their backs, and put the load on these.

In the eating rooms you may see little stoves with soup cooking on them, or bite of meat roasting on a spit over the coals. The odors are inviting; but you may go hungry, unless you can talk their strange language. In Constantinople almost every language of the world is used.—Detroit Free Press.

Latest Egg Problem.

Country readers are puzzling themselves over the following egg problem: If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?

The solutions are divided pretty evenly between 28 and 42, but both these figures happen to be wrong.—New York Tribune.

A Trans-Pacific Cable.

The British government is advised by military authorities to lay a cable across the Pacific from New Zealand, via the Fiji Islands and Sandwich Islands, to Vancouver and through British America. That would give them two lines of communication with the east.—New York Sun.

E. W. MITCHELL

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Moore's Bargains in Real Estate.

One lot with four-room house, on the corner of Sixteenth and Webster street. Price \$650. Monthly installment, \$16.50.

One lot with three-room house, in East Waco, near Paul Quinn college. Price \$400. Monthly installment, \$12.

One lot with three-room house, on North Sixth street, in rear of J. T. Wilson's place. Price \$300. Monthly installment, \$9.

One lot with three-room house, on River street, East Waco. Price \$250. Monthly installment, \$7.50.

One lot with five-room house, on North Tenth street, near West Ave. Price \$1,000. Monthly installment, \$30.

One lot with four-room house, on South Ninth street, near Cleveland. Price \$800. Monthly installment, \$27.

One lot with three-room house, on South Sixth street in rear of the old university. Price \$750. Monthly installment, \$22.50.

Vacant lots on Webster and Clay streets, on Bell Hill. Price from \$150 to \$300 each, on monthly installment plan if desired.

CHEAP COLUMN.

TO RENT—A nice three room cottage on the corner of Tenth and Webster, good well of water. Apply to J. A. Jones. tr

FOR SALE—One book case, 1 step ladder, 4 tables, 1 four horse engine, four heating stoves and pipe, 3 desks, bowl and pitcher, wash stands, half dozen chairs, Cigaraph typewriter, office railing and counter, patent letter files, 1 Hall safe, 1 store counter, 20,000 old papers and a large amount of other second-hand furniture. Jno. E. Eglin.

TO RENT—The entire upper-story of my new building 402 Austin Avenue. E. W. Mitchell, Jeweler.

LOST—A postoffice key, finder will please return to the News office.

COWS FOR RENT—I have good milch cows I will rent to parties who will take good care of them at the low price of one dollar per month. Geo. Lambdin. tr

FOR RENT—House of seven room on Franklin and Ninth streets. Apply to C. N. Curtis.

WANTED—A few Regular Boarders at 927 Austin street. Cool, pleasant and convenient location. Mrs. O. L. Wiley.

\$10, \$5, \$2.50 in Gold for the greatest Democrat. Send address on stamped envelope. J. M. Anderson, Lock Box, New Orleans, La.

WANTED—Three room house, convenient to business. Apply at News office.

EVENING NEWS Office 5 04: Austin Ave., corner 5th street, over Goldstein & Migel's.

FOUND—Two Patent Lock Keys, on 5th st. between Austin and Franklin. Owner can get same by calling at this office, describe property, and pay for this notice.

Nicely furnished and well ventilated rooms at the Brunswick Hotel, on Franklin street.

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